[Sound of LRAD]

No Justice - No Peace!

"F**k the police we gon' be in Ferguson... [?] b*t*hes...we gon' see what's happenin'"
"What's up y'all scared, no! What's up y'all scared, no b*t*h!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

F**k a pig is the right call

Gang whistles and pistols at nightfall

Bang on 'em for the lives that remain lost

Click clack is the get back new att**ude for blacks

Gotta bang for the way they treat us

Like animals, police clap and beat us

Like animals, police blap with heaters

To protect and to serve, better know who your enemies are

Been too much talkin' man, no talkin'

No more speeches, candles, no marchin'

No more grievin' parents, no Sharpton

No more calls for peace, let's spark it

And ride on these pigs till the wheels fall off

Collide for our rights till we rise above

Ain't no time for no talkin', let's chalk 'em off

Back 'em off us to show the cost, till they recognize

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

Night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

When we all come together hope we don't collide

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

Night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives) When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 2: Paris]

One black man's killed every twenty-eight hours By pigs and these fake vigilante cowards Claimin' they scared only after they profile us And beat us or worse, so we hit back first Set it off with a molotov home-made charge Blap when the strap, cough cap the sarge Can't trust so we bust on officers Now they callin' all cars, suspects at large So we blast first then we ask questions last Do like they do, mobb and mash Do like they do, ain't no pa** No stop, no frisk, just blap that a** Cause we say gunplay only thing that works Squeeze, retreat in Guerrilla Spurts Do a drive by, ride by, clap and squirt From the rooftop, shoot n***a, put in work [Hook]

It's the night of the long knives
That's the sh*t
It's the night of the long knives
Lettin' off slugs and bricks
It's the night of the long knives
Pigs can't handle this
When the people come together better watch your six
It's the night of the long knives
And you can't deny it
It's the night of the long knives
We worldwide united
It's the night of the long knives
Know real riders ride
When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 3: Paris]

Ma** incarceration, ma** surveillance

Ma**a, we just can't take it

Can't take the blame and the cold abuse

Can't take the slave route in the pen for you

Can't take this police state, I can't lie

So here's an open letter to the FBI
To the pigs and the CIA and prisons
To the force that enforce for the one percent
See we see right through your bull-sh*t
That's why we move and pull quick
No love for the people, now we've had enough
Keep it incognito when we call your bluff
And let these motherf**kin' hot rocks hit ya neck
Hold court in the street 'till you learn respect
That's a promise and a motherf**kin' soldier's threat
Gotta feel us to feel what we understand, we goin' in

[Hook]

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Because the only language America speaks is violence The only language America understands in violence So let's talk

"We want an immediate end to the police brutality and mob attacks that our people are confronted by every single day

Every single week, every single month, every single year

Across the land

This is the only reason, that we don't become involved in these non-violent demonstrations

To walk up to a man nonviolently, he got a gun in his hand

We are ready to die, or we're ready to see if someone else dies

I don't need to turn the other cheek

This black man was shot by policemen, not some Ku Klux Klansman down in Mississippi

They saw that he was black and they began to fire point blank

But they are dumb enough to think we have forgotten

We don't never forget

You don't kill our brother

You don't shoot one of us and then grin in our face

You don't shoot one of us and then shake our hands and think we forget

No, we never forget

We'll never forget!

Someone has to pay

Somewhere, somehow, someone has to pay